

B*Witched

"Enemy Of God"

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There's a stench of death and terror in the air
It sweeps across the land
The men of god are trembling with fear
As evil takes command

The hater of the holy, he bears the Devil's mark
At one with the night, at one with the dark

Priestkiller
He's the enemy of god
Priestkiller

The night unfolds and the moon is on the rise
There is no turning back
Everywhere you can hear the holy cries
As evil attack

The hater of the holy, filled with Satan's wrath
He'll spit on the cross as he walks the Devil's path

Priestkiller
He's the enemy of god
Priestkiller

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